

# The Lomond Press

VOLUME NO. 51822 IN NEW FROM LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## LOCALETS

W. C. Maranda is drilling a well on his quarter adjoining the townsite.

Jack Hartwick is erecting a brick veneer residence, Jense Sokvitne doing the carpenter work and Mr. Evens doing the masonry.

The work on the east road is nearing completion and the gang will move from there north. Grading is now in progress and the improvement is hard to estimate. The road is now easily passable, a condition that could not be said of the road before work was commenced.

Joe Moran left last week for Calgary. After his departure telegraphic word came that his mother in Ontario was seriously ill and Joe immediately proceeded east.

The Imperial Oil Company's tank station has arrived in town and will be erected just south of the elevators. Smith & Moran, the local agents will be in charge of the station.

If conditions do not prove too pessimistic Lomond will have a moving picture house erected in the immediate future with a public hall with no mean capacity.

C. F. Doughty is in Calgary for a few days this week.

More than two weeks of steady dry hot weather has had an ill effect on the crops in general around this part of the country. The wheat has stood up under the test remarkably well and appears to be filling better than could be expected. If present indications of wet weather materialize it might improve the situation insofar as a great many of the crops are concerned. However, a fair yield of wheat is assured and cutting will be general in the next couple of weeks.

Mrs. Jas. Froser, of Retlaw, is visiting Mrs. Featherston at Kinmondale.

Contractors are now at work on the Southern Alberta Company irrigation dams south and west of Lomond and it is said that water will be turned into the Lake Magregor reservoir this fall. As it takes practically a year for the intake to fill the reservoir it will perhaps be a couple of years before they will have the water ready for the land.

As will be seen in the adv. in another column, Weltman Brothers are holding an auction sale of horses at the north end livery barn on Tuesday next, July 31st.

A. Parker is auctioning a couple of car loads of cattle the second night of the Lomond Fair. Further particulars can be seen on the posters.

D. E. Snowden has the contract for painting the Consolidated School building.

## Get Your Entries in Early!

Large Showing of Livestock Already Assured. Special Exhibit from the Lethbridge Experimental Station.

Expect Over 3000 of an Attendance

Entries are coming along at a good rate and there is every assurance that all available space will be utilized to take care of the exhibits. In the matter of sports the base ball tournament will prove a good attraction as three good teams have assured the management of their intention of entering.

For the big pavilion dance on the second night, Butler's Orchestra, of Vulcan, have been engaged. This is the musical organization that drew such large crowds at the dances in Lomond last winter and as they will appear in four-piece strength at this dance, should be bigger and better than ever. Already people have engaged rooms for the night of the dance, so as not to be shut out of this part of the programme.

The Carmangay band will be in attendance at the fair and will provide music on the grounds.

The race track events will probably be keenly contested as Lomond is about the only place around the country where such events are being pulled off this year.

Mr. Elves would appreciate it very much if all entries would be handed in as soon as possible and before the day of the fair. Entry tickets will be ready for all exhibitors at the ticket office the first morning of the fair.

All those who have paid in their membership and have not as yet received their membership tickets should call at Mr. Elves' office and obtain same.

Special prizes require a separate entry.

### SPECIAL PRIRES—NOT IN PRIZE LIST

J. Sweetnam, cash prize of \$10 for the best filly or gelding, any age, progeny of his stallion "Marquis."

Geo. Frownfelter, cash prize of \$10 for best beef animal on the grounds.

Ogilvie Flour Mills, for the best home-made bread and for the best half dozen buns (two prizes) 1st. 50 lb.

sack of Royal Household Flour; 2nd. 25 lb. sack of Royal Household Flour. Bread and buns to be made from their Royal Household Flour.

Philips & Munro have also made a cash donation to the society of \$10 to be used as the directors best see fit.

## Badger Lake

Mr. Worden, former school teacher here, is visiting the Haynes family.

P. Thompson reports using 1917 potatoes for the past three weeks. Some gardner, eh?

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burton and Mrs. John Burton motored to the Medicine Hat Stampede.

Albert Thompson's new barn is nearing completion, Mr. Bratton being the chief architect.

Cap Calkin's son has returned to the States after a visit with his father for a month.

Everybody around here is getting ready to take in the Lomond Fair with colors flying.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burton were over across the Valley last Sunday visiting Harry Burton.

A little rain would not come amiss right now.

A number of bachelors around here would appreciate a good housekeeper around the harvest season.

Harvest will commence in another week as the hot dry weather is ripening rapidly. Farmers are seen hauling out their twine for which the price of eighteen cents is being paid.

The excursion that was to be to Banff on Tuesday July 24 was postponed until July 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Graham motored on to Granum after the picnic and from there expect to spend a few days in the mountains.

## TRIVERS

A piano tuner was visiting town today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bain and children took dinner with her brother, Guy Paulson on Sunday.

The lumber yards are kept busy these days, loading and unloading lumber.

Mrs. Willmott and son Ross visited at the Whitney ranch on Wednesday.

Mr. W. Foster and family of Carmangay took supper at the Baughman home on Monday evening on their return trip to Mr. Foster's sister thirty miles north east of Brooks.

The train seems to be getting later each time as the thistles are mostly to blame.

Mr. Bray has gone to Banff for an outing going by way of Gleichen.

Several complaints have been in about not receiving the Travers Times since subscribing for it.

Travers Ball Team have discontinued for this season and the pitcher, Mr. Buckley, has left for his home in Milwaukee.

Miss Hazel Gaenman has returned to Carmangay after a weeks rest and visit with the home folks.

Mr. George Witting and H. Ulrick motored to Calgary on business Wednesday returning Thursday noon.

Elmer Paulson just arrived from a trip to the Peace River country but found nothing desirable for homesteading.

Most of Travers attended the picnic at Foxarty's bridge Thursday and all having a good time meeting old friends and talking over old times. Travers and Turin played ball, Turin taking the honors by a score of 7-11. This is a game each and should play one more.

Mrs. Lacy entertained the Ladies Aid on Wednesday afternoon. Owing to the intense heat not many were present. Rev. Irwin of this circuit was present and conducted the devotional exercises also gave a few remarks as to this Aid taking up Red Cross work. He also explained the Envelope System of Contributions for the church for which the envelopes can be had by calling on Mr. St. Johns. In the routine of business it was moved to apply fifty dollars toward the ministers salary which was approved of. A delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Lacy and Mrs. Bray at the close.

A few attended the ball game at Carmangay where Vulcan walked away from them. Carmangay had the nerve to put in a couple of Travers players.

Work on all the new buildings is being rushed to a finish.

Mr. Roy Willmot and Mr. Fredricks start today for Claresholm Fair and to spend a few days up in the foot hills.

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, JULY 27, 1917

### Grand Slams

One or two of our subscribers have brought to our attention some of the grand slams that our contemporary, the Travers Times and future Lomond Leader, has handed toward this sheet at one or two different occasions. Having noticed the same ourselves beforehand we had decided to ignore them, but have changed our minds. On no occasion have we given this sheet any occasion to get on its high horse against us and see no reason why they should assume any such attitude. Unless it should be that the proprietor is sore at us because we fell for \$18.15 worth of his "Honeymoon Place" real estate advertising when he was in this line in B. C.

The Press has at no times published any sheet that could not be readily taken into any home where parents are discreet as to what they place before their children to read. The Press has a considerable investment in the town, have paid out over \$1400 in wages to his employees since operations were commenced not quite a year ago, is paying rent and taxes in the town and generally complying with the ordinary rituals of domestic business concerns.

The town has benefitted by the operation of the concern and has given it a reasonably good support.

### A Maximun Price

It would appear from accounts of proceedings contained in several daily papers that a maximun price has been established for Canadian wheat delivered at Fort William of \$2.40 per bushel. A good price it is. But, if the farmers is going to have a maximun set on his production let us have prices fixed on every commodity. Its a poor rule that won't work on all trades.

### Lava Takes Years to Cool

Peasants on the slope of Mount Etna can still boil water over the lava that flowed from the valcano during the eruption of 1910. Lava, according to Walter Woodburn Hyde of the University of Pennsylvania, writing to the Geographical Review, often reaches a percentage of 2000 degrees F.

Even the ancient poets recorded the tenacity with which lava retains the heat, and Borelli, describing the great eruption of 1669, says the lava took eight years to cool. It is related that steam was still rising in 1830 from lava ejected in 1787. And this is not astonishing when we remember that the steam of molten lava which reached the sea at Catania on that occasion was at least 600 yards in breadth, 45 feet deep and contained 3,532,000,000 cubic feet. It banked up against the walls of Catania, which were 60 feet high until it flowed over the top and destroyed a large part of the city. The huge promontory that acts like a break water to the harbor is the remains of that stream of lava that flowed into the sea.

### WANTED

A position as clerk. Address box 115 Lomond, Alta.

## Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

## The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

## Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.  
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of  
High Grade Farm Machinery

## Blacksmith Coal

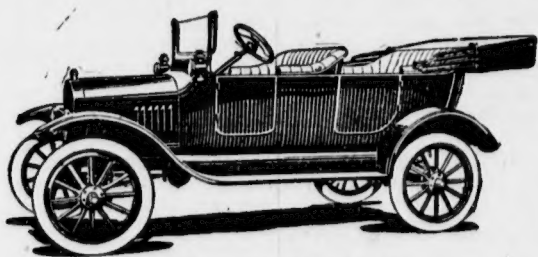
To supply the great demand for Blacksmith Coal among the farmers, we have shipped in a car load. Get your supply while it lasts.

## Binders

There was a great shortage last year and many orders were badly delayed. Early ordering this year will relieve you of all this worry.

FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY  
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.  
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS  
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

## Smith & Moran



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car  
\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

## Dollars and Cents

Buying a Ford car is a matter of dollars and cents to the purchaser.

In the first place the initial cost is a matter of economy when compared with other cars.

Then the cost of operation is low--this is an "ask a man who owns one" argument.

Compared with a team and carriage, the Ford comes away ahead in efficiency and economy. In these busy days a man cannot afford to spend much time travelling on the road. The Ford solves the problem for the farmer, the business man and everyone who requires a car.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.



tached review, saw himself painting stretching out his arm from his bunk to grasp his stick the very first minute he was alone in the stateroom; the crooked handle comes off under his turning, and the white wisp of paper is stuck in the hollow of the stick. Blank paper!

Safe as safe could be had been that little square of paper Louisa had given him with his expense money, from the day he left Berlin until—when? To be sure, he had treated himself to a little of the grape in Paris and, maybe, in Marseilles, but his brain had been clear every minute. Oh, Capper would have sworn to that! The whole business of the disappearance of his Wilhelmstrasse ticket and the substitution of the blank was simply another low trick the Capper luck had played on him.

#### Ich Dien or Eich Dyn.

Which is accurate as the motto of the Prince of Wales—Ich Dien or Eich Dyn? The one is German and the other Welsh. The one means "I serve," the other "Behold the man" or "Behold your man."

"Ich Dien" was the motto of John, king of Bohemia, whom the Black Prince slew at Crecy. "Eich Dyn" are the words supposed to have been used by Edward I. when presenting his infant son to the Welsh assembly at Carnarvon.

Welsh tradition has adhered naturally to the Welsh form. The other has been more popularly accepted.—London Lady's Pictorial.

#### THE TEST.

The pilot's skill is by no means equally proved in a calm as in a storm. In the former case he tamely enters the port, unnoticed and unapplauded, but when the cordage creaks, the mast bends and the rudder groans, then it is that he shines out in all his glory.—Pliny the Younger.

## The H. & H Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond  
leave your team at  
the Farmers Feed  
Barn.

BOW CITY COAL AND  
TIMOTHY HAY FOR  
SALE

## Holo & Hedges Lomond, Alberta

HERBERT J. MABER  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

#### FOR SALE

Fifty mares and geldings, work stock. Must be sold. Apply Geo. Hoadley or Peter Robb, Stone Lease, River Bow P. O.

#### LOST

French bull dog, answers to the name of Midge. Return to Albert Durand or Lomond Tea Rooms. Liberal reward.

#### FOR SALE

Victor Victrola, full cabinet, used two years. Records included. Owner going away must sell. Inquire Hastings, Traverser

#### FOR SALE

Two lots on Centre Street, Lomond, with 4-roomed house. Apply at Lomond Press.

## Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners  
No Delay in Loading Teams.  
\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAITIE CITY COAL MINE  
Eyremore P. O.



THE  
**STANDARD BANK**

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

### FARMERS

Advances to farmers are made  
a special feature by this Bank.

## LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN, Manager.

## The Central Garage

LOMOND

## REPAIR WORK and AUTO LIVERY

Gasolene and Lubricating Oils, Tires and Accessories

### Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

## Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

## SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

### Associated Farmers

... Limited ...  
Lomond, Alberta



# Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS  
AND  
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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## SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse on a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

Louisa, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Ramleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

## CHAPTER V.

### An Unwelcome Caller.

"SOME one at the gate," Dr. Koch explained. "Caesar, my playful little Numidian—and an artist with the Bedouin dagger is Caesar—he goes to answer."

Their talk was desultory during the next minutes. The doctor seemed listless under the suspense of a pending announcement as to the late visitor. Finally came a soft tapping on the hidden door behind Woodhouse. The latter heard the doctor exchange whispers with the Numidian in the hallway. Finally, "Show him into the waiting room," Koch ordered. He came back to where the captain was sitting, a puzzled frown between his eyes.

"An Englishman, Caesar says—an Englishman, who insists on seeing me—very important." Koch bit the end of one stubby thumb in hurried thought. He suddenly whipped open the door of one of the instrument cases, pulled out a stethoscope and hooked the two little black receivers into his ears. Then he turned to Woodhouse.

"Quick! Off with your coat and open your shirt. You are a patient; I am just examining you when interrupted. This may be one of these clumsy English secret service men, and I might need your alibi." The sound of an opening door beyond the folding doors and of footsteps in the adjoining room.

"You say you are sleepless at night?" Dr. Koch was talking English. "And you have a temperature on arising? Him'm! This under your tongue, if you please"—he thrust a clinical thermometer between Woodhouse's lips; the latter already had his coat off and was unbuttoning his shirt. Koch gave

him a meaning glance and disappeared between the folding doors, closing them behind him.

Minutes slipped by. The captain still nursed the clinical thermometer. The mumble and muttering continued to sound through the closed doors. Suddenly the high whine of the unseen visitor was raised in excitement. Came clearly through to Woodhouse's ears his passionate declaration:

"But I tell you you've got to recognize me. My number's 1932. My ticket was stolen out of the head of my cane somewhere between Paris and Alexandria. But I got it all right—got it from the Wilhelmstrasse direct, with orders to report to Dr. Emil Koch in Alexandria!"

Capper! Capper, who was to be betrayed to the firing squad in Malta



"Much need—for an alibi—from you," after his Wilhelmstrasse ticket was passed from his possession! Capper on the job!

Woodhouse hurled every foot pound of his will to bear into his ears. He caught Koch's gruff answer:

"Young man, you're talking madness. You're talking to a loyal British subject. I know nothing about your Wilhelmstrasse or your number. If I did not think you were drunk I'd have you held here, to be turned over to the military as a spy. Now, go before I change my mind."

Again the querulous protestation of Capper, met by the doctor's peremptory order. The captain heard the front door close. A long wait and Dr. Koch's black beard, with the surmounting eyes of thick glass, appeared at a parting of the folding doors. Woodhouse, the tiny thermometer still sticking absurdly from his mouth, met the basilisk stare of those two ovals of glass with a coldly casual glance. He removed the thermometer from between his lips and read it, with a smile, as if that were part of playing a game. Still the ghastly stare from the glass eyes over the bristling beard, searching—searching.

"Well," Woodhouse said lightly, "no need of an alibi evidently."

Dr. Koch stepped into the room with the lightness of a cat, walked to a desk drawer at one side and fumbled there a second, his back to his guest. When he turned he held a short barreled automatic at his hip. The muzzle covered the shirt sleeved man in the chair.

"Much need—for an alibi—from you!" Dr. Koch croaked, his voice dry and flat with rage. "Much need, Mr. 1932. Commence your explanation immediately, for this minute my temptation is strong—very strong—to shoot you for the dog you are."

"Is this—ah, customary?" Woodhouse twiddled the tiny mercury tube

between his fingers and looked unflinchingly at the small, round mouth of the automatic. "Do you make a practice of consulting a friend with a revolver at your hip?"

"You heard—what was said in there!" Koch's forehead was curiously ridged and flushed with much blood.

"Did you ask me to listen? Surely, my dear doctor, you have provided doors that are sound proof. If I may suggest, isn't it about time that you explain this—this melodrama?" The captain's voice was cold. His lips were drawn to a thin line. Koch's big head moved from side to side with a gesture curiously like that of a bull about to charge, but knowing not where his enemy stands. He blurted out:

"For your information, if you did not overhear: An Englishman comes just now to address me familiarly as of the Wilhelmstrasse. He comes to say he was sent to report to me; that his number in the Wilhelmstrasse is 1932—1932, remember—and I am to give him orders. Please explain that before I pull this trigger!"

"He showed you his number—his ticket, then?" Woodhouse added this parenthetically.

"The man said his ticket had been stolen from him some time after he left Paris—stolen from the head of his cane, where he had it concealed. But the number was 1932." The doctor voiced this last doggedly.

"You have, of course, had this man followed?" the other put in. "You have not let him leave this house alone?"

"Caesar was after him before he left the garden gate—naturally. But—"

Woodhouse held up an interrupting hand.

"Pardon me, Dr. Koch; did you get this fellow's name?"

"He refused to give it—said I would not know him, anyway."

"Was he an undersized man, very thin, sparse hair and a face showing dissipation?" Woodhouse went on.



"Your pardon, No. 1932."

"Nervous, jerky way of talking—fingers to his mouth as if to feel his words as they come out—brandy or wine breath? Can't you guess who he was?"

"I guess nothing."

"The target!"

At the word Louisa had used in describing Capper to Woodhouse Koch's face underwent a change. He lowered his pistol.

"Ach!" he said. "The man they are to arrest. And you have the number."

"That was Capper—Capper, formerly of the Belgian office—kicked out for drunkenness. One time he sold out Downing street in the matter of the Lord Fisher letters. You remember the scandal when they came to light—his majesty, the kaiser's, Kiel speech referring to them. He is a good stalking horse."

Koch's suspicion had left him. Still gripping the automatic, he sat down on the edge of the operating chair regarding the other man respectfully.

"Come, come, Dr. Koch; you and I cannot continue longer at cross purposes." The captain spoke with terse displeasure. "This man Capper showed you nothing to prove his claims, yet you come back to this room and threaten my life on the strength of a drunkard's bare word. What his mission is you know; how he got that number, which is the number I have shown you on my ticket from the Wilhelmstrasse—you understand how such things are managed. I happen to know, however, because it was my business to know, that Capper left Marseilles for Malta aboard La Vendee four days ago. He was not expected to go beyond Malta."

Koch caught him up: "But the fellow told me his boat didn't stop at Malta; was warned by wireless to proceed at all speed to Alexandria for fear of the Breslau, known to be in the Adriatic." Woodhouse spread out his hands with a gesture of finality.

"There you are! Capper finds himself stranded in Alexandria; knows somehow of your position as a man of the Wilhelmstrasse. Such things cannot be hid from the underground workers; comes here to explain himself to you and excuse himself for the loss of his number. Is there anything more to be said except that we must keep a close watch on him?"

The physician rose and paced the

room, his hands clasped behind his back. The automatic bobbed against the tails of his long coat as he walked. After a minute's restless striding he broke his step before the desk, jerked open the drawer and dropped the weapon in it. Back to where Woodhouse was sitting he stalked and held out his right hand stiffly.

"Your pardon, No. 1932. For my suspicion I apologize. But you see my position—a very delicate one." Woodhouse rose, grasped the doctor's hand and wrung it heartily.

"And now," he said, "to keep this fellow Capper in sight until the Princess Mary sails and I aboard her as Captain Woodhouse of Wady Halfa. The man might trip us all up."

"He will not; be sure of that," Koch growled, helping Woodhouse into his coat and leading the way to the waiting room. "I will have to report to him the minute he comes back to report where Capper is stopping."

"Until when?" the captain asked, pausing at the gate, to which Koch had escorted him.

"Here tomorrow night at 9," the doctor answered, and the gate shut behind him. Captain Woodhouse, alone under the shadowing trees of Queen's terrace, drew in a long breath, shook his shoulders and started for the station and the midnight train to Alexandria.

Consider the mental state of Mr. Billy Capper as he sank into a seat on the midnight suburban from Ramleh to Alexandria. Even to the guard, unused to particular observation of his passengers—save as to their possible propensity for trying to beat their fares, the bundle of clothes surmounted by a rusty brown bowler which huddled under the sickly light of the second class carriage bespoke either a candidate for a plunge off the quay or a "bloomer" returning from his wassailing. But the eyes of the man denied this latter hypothesis; sanity was in them, albeit the merciless sanity that refuses an alternative when fate has its victim pushed into a corner. So submerged was Capper under the flood of his own bitter cogitations that he had not noticed the other two passengers boarding the train at the little tiled station—a tall, quietly dressed white man and a Numidian with a cloak thrown over his white livery. The latter had faded like a shadow into the third-class carriage behind the one in which Capper rode.

Here was Capper, poor old Hardluck Billy Capper—floated again and just when the tide of bad fortune was on the turn; so ran the minor strain of self pity under the brown bowler. A failure once more and through no fault of his own. No, no! Hadn't he been ready to deliver the goods? Hadn't he come all the way down here from Berlin, faithful to his pledge to Louisa, the girl in the Wilhelmstrasse, ready and willing to embark on that important mission of which he was to be told by Dr. Emil Koch? And what happens? Koch turns him into the street like a dog; threatens to have him before the military as a spy if he doesn't make himself scarce. Koch refuses even to admit he'd ever heard of the Wilhelmstrasse. Clever beggar! A jolly keen eye he's got for his own skin; won't take a chance on being betrayed into the hands of the English, even when he ought to see that a chap's honest when he comes and tells a straight story about losing that silly little bit of paper with his working number on it. What difference if he can't produce the ticket when he has the number pat on the tip of his tongue and is willing to risk his own life to give that number to a stranger?

Back upon the old perplexity that had kept Capper's brain on strain ever since the first day aboard La Vendee—who had lifted his ticket, and when was it done? The man recalled, for the hundredth time, his awakening aboard the French liner. What a horror that first morning was, with the ratty little surgeon feeding a fellow aromatic spirits of ammonia like porridge! Capper, in this mood of de-



## Base Ball

On the half holiday Vulcan team came over to play the locals, winning by a score that would do no good to publish. The boys at home had no regular line-up and were at a disadvan-

tage all around. Titus pitched a fairly good game but the Vulcan lads were in fairly good practice and had the best of the game from start to finish.

Lomond Fair Aug. 6th and 7th.

## UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE OF 36 Head of Mares and Geldings

At North End Stables, Lomond  
**Tuesday July 31**  
SALE TO COMMENCE AT 1 P. M.

### This Lot Includes---

1 team well matched mares, 4 & 5 years old, weight 2800 lbs.  
1 team bay geldings, 6 and 7 years old, weight 3400 lbs.  
1 team blacks, mare and gelding, 7 and 8 years, 2700 lbs.  
Also several other matched teams equally good, 2 saddle horses, 1 set work harness, 1 set driving harness, 1 heavy democrat, 1 buggy.  
These horses will be sold with absolutely no reserve.

**TERMS: - - - Cash, Unless Other-  
wise Arranged**

**Weltman Bros. Owners**  
H. E. Elves, Auctioneer.

## Phillips & Munro

Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,  
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water  
and Steam Heating.

## HUGHES' DRUG STORE

For Reliable Service

We carry a big range of Veterinary Remedies and Poultry Foods. Get your Water Glass now for preserving eggs. Choice CHOCOLATES, fine STATIONERY, BASE BALL SUPPLIES. Agent for KODAKS and SUPPLIES; COLUMBIA GRAMOPHONES and RECORDS. Your Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully filled.

**R. H. Hughes**  
CHEMIST - DRUGGIST

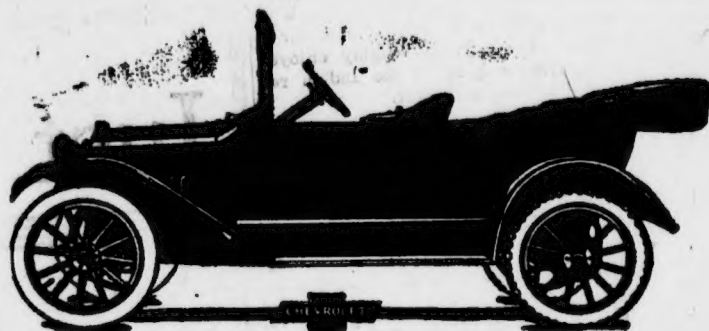


ASSOCIATED FARMERS  
Limited  
Lomond, Alberta

We Sell  
**J. I. CASE**  
Oil, Gas and  
Steam  
Engines, and  
Threshing Machines

**SMITH & MORAN**  
LOMOND

Press Want Ads Bring Results



## "Chevrolets"

Model "A" 490 - \$825.00

One Man Top, De-Mountable Rims,  
Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot  
Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line  
Body Painted Chevrolet Green.

Baby Grand - \$1325.00

Chevrolet Eight - \$1875.00

There is a "Chevrolet" to meet the demand of every buyer---from the serviceable "490" to the luxuriously designed "Chevrolet Eight".

**SEE THE NEW "DODGE"**  
Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Sawyer-Massey Threshing  
Machinery.

Waterloo Separators.

Gould-Shapely & Muir Pumping  
Engines and Windmills.

**J. A. BOWERS**  
LOMOND, - ALBERTA

### Bow City

Mr. George Nixon, wife and child, have taken up their residence in Bow City with a view to helping develop the under ground resources of the place.

Mr. S. A. Armstrong is a busy man these days building houses and school-houses. He expects to finish Mr. Green's house this week.

Mr. Erickson, the popular ferryman is one man who is glad the Stampede is over. He avers that the air is so filled with gasoline that the mosquitoes will never be able to live again around the ferry hill.

Miss Cragg, of Calgary, is on a visit to her brothers, Mr. O. A. Cragg.

Swimming and lawn tennis are the popular amusements in Bow City these days and the water feels O. K. except for the stones at the bottom.

The Bow City Coal Mine is now equipped with a full staff of men and coal can be put out in any quantity required.

Mr. D. A. Scroggie was a visitor to Calgary last week on a very feeling mission, i. e. a visit to the dentist.

Mr. Lent who is teaching the young how to shoot at Eyremore School very kindly took a dozen of the boys camping down to Pratts Flat for a week. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the outing in spite of the Indian red tan that their backs got.

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Rev. Mr. Marr, of Calgary representing the Canadian Bible Society visited Eyremore Mission last Sunday and was listened to with interest and profit by four congregations. The people of the four appointments thought well enough of the claims of the Society to invest a hundred dollars in it.

### LOCALETS

Miss Varcoe, of Orangeville, is visiting Mrs. G. Varcoe.

N. F. Maakestad, of Omeme, N.D., arrived on Sunday on a visit to the editor, Mrs. Maakestad having preceded him on the trip by a couple of weeks.

Chas. Shaw and G. B. Tibert made a flying trip to Lethbridge last Saturday.

Dr. Nelson, dentist of Vulcan, will start his regular visit to Lomond on Aug. 16th., coming every week from then on.

Mrs. R. W. Ritchie, of Dundalk Ontario, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. Varcoe.

T. A. Kennedy accompanied his daughter to Calgary on Saturday, returning on Wednesday.

## For Sale!

"Marsailles" Portable Grain Loader with a 3 h.p. "Olds" Engine, all in good order. Can be seen at Lomond. For price and particulars apply to

F. O. COX, Lomond

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